

Ever Since We Met You've Had A Hold On Me by Yuri4Gwen

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Summary:

When Billy Hargrove was four his mom brought him to Hawkins to escape his abusive father, Billy was a frail child who struggled to make friends until his mom met Mrs Harrington and Billy was introduced to Steve Harrington. After that Steve became everything to Billy but as Steve's popularity grew he moved further away from Billy until by age eleven they had become strangers to each other.

Billy can't stop watching Steve from afar wishing desperately that he'd look his way at least once but he never does. Then when Billy turns fifteen he presents as an Alpha and everything in his life changes, he bulks up, becomes strong and all the Omega's at Hawkins High can't help taking notice.

Finally, Billy is a member of the popular crowd, will Steve finally take notice of him now?

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

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Un-betaed so please excuse all my mistakes.

Billy had to suppress a groan as Steve sucked him more deeply into his hot wet mouth. He idly ran his fingers over Steve soft cheek pressing down slightly as he reached the hinge of his jaw just to feel how much he bulged there. Then he ran them up into his hair gripping the strands so that he could control his thrusts. He could feel Steve's tongue lapping around the head of his cock when he pulled back enough just to leave the tip inside then he pushed slowly back in, holding himself steady just to feel the flutter in Steve's throat while he tried to adjust. He needed to learn a little self-control but seeing Steve so relaxed and carefree in Betty Wilson's presence had made his teeth ache and his blood heat.

He wielded very little control in this arrangement, Steve could decide at any time that it wasn't worth it and Billy had become so addicted in the short time he'd had. He sped up his thrusts slightly, not too much he wanted Steve to feel him every time he had to swallow today, if Betty so much as asked to borrow a pencil he wanted that little crack in his voice to be a reminder. He pulled Steve's head back slightly and he looked up at him with shining eyes and Billy had to pull back slightly to keep his knot out his mouth as he flooded it with come, a growl erupting from his lips. He slipped his fingers under Steve's chin pushing his mouth shut, mirroring him when he swallowed heavily.

Billy hadn't known that meeting Steve Harrington when he'd been

four years old would have such a profound effect on his life but here he was.

Billy had arrived in Hawkins under the cover of darkness with his mom gripping his hand so tight it ached. She had chosen Hawkins because it seemed like a small inconsequential town where nobody would ever think to look for them. Billy could vaguely remember what life was like before Hawkins it had been filled with fear, shouting and broken things.

Cold creeping terror on the back of his neck when his dad arrived home from work, his mom covering up dark bruises with a shaking hand and a smile before taking him to the park for a while. The vicious snarl to his father's face as he spat out the word 'runt' telling his mom that he'd never live to see his tenth birthday and there was no way he was his, he couldn't have sired a child so pathetic.

Billy felt so scared and alone in Hawkins; he was so small and frail compared to other children his age. After a short while of trying to keep up with the other kids, his lungs would burn and he'd get tired. In the end, he'd just sit and watch them have fun, too afraid to join in as they laughed at him and left him behind.

His mom had been worried about him and she set about trying to find him some friends by joining different classes and involving herself in the community. Two months after they'd arrived in Hawkins she came home from an aerobics class with exciting news. She'd made friends and one of the women had a son Billy's age and later that week he was going on a play date.

Billy could still remember that first day although time had blurred the edges of it slightly. Steve lived in a huge house, which to Billy at the time had seemed like a castle. He had clung to his mom the whole way there while she smiled and told him everything was going to be ok. Mrs Harrington had greeted them warmly at the door then led Billy into a huge playroom with toys neatly arranged and a small thin boy with brown hair and big doe eyes sitting in one corner playing with some toy cars.

Billy had a moment of panic but his mom had encouraged him with a soft smile and he'd tried so hard to be brave for her. He walked

towards Steve with determination, he had looked up from his cars and smiled, Billy didn't feel scared anymore and after that day if anyone wanted to know where to find him they just had to look for Steve and he'd be there.

From age four to eleven Steve was Billy's everything, they created whole worlds together, learned to read and write, sang songs and shared meals. Everywhere they went people were always drawn to Steve, he had an angelic face, big eyes and a welcoming personality. Once Steve considered you a friend he'd do anything for you including running headlong into fights to protect you from other people, which unfortunately for Billy was often. It wasn't easy only having a mom and being so frail especially in a small town like Hawkins. Billy learned to mimic Steve to get people to like him as he continued to be short and slim and therefore not very intimidating and he didn't draw people in as easily as Steve so he spent most of his childhood in his shadow.

The only time they would fight was when Billy's jealousy rose too close to the surface for him to fight it any further. He hated the way it sat under his skin, itchy like an army of angry ants that marched their way into his head filling it with frustration and pain. He hated when Steve spent too much time with other people, Steve was his everything so feeling like he was being ignored was too much to take. As they grew older Steve's popularity grew stronger while Billy only really had Steve, then everything changed when they turned eleven.

Tommy Hagan had been a friend of Steve's since they were eight; their dads knew each other so they spent time together at Tommy's house. At first, this had only been on Sundays and even though Billy hated it there was little he could do about it but then it started to creep into other days of the week. Billy didn't like Tommy he was too energetic, he always wanted them to be outside playing some game

or racing each other in the neighbourhood and Billy was frail so he couldn't keep up with them and eventually, he'd end up ignored while they ran around competing, laughing and having fun while he watched on with increasing anger.

He remembered the summer before middle school with a bittersweet fondness, Tommy had been away visiting family for a few weeks before school started and so he pretty much had Steve all to himself. Steve seemed content to do whatever Billy wanted and so they spent a lot of time hanging out either in Steve's room or in his treehouse just existing together, talking about things that seemed important when you were eleven but held no real significance. Billy felt most at home when he was with Steve like this like they were the only two people in the world. If he had any regrets it was that he didn't cherish these moments enough when he had them because when they returned to school everything changed.

Billy had known that Steve was popular; he was rich, which meant he had all the best clothes, toys and a huge house for everyone to play in. For years people dreamed of being invited to one of Steve's birthday parties, for people their age they were the only birthday party. Mrs Harrington treated them like it was the social event of the decade each time and there were always lots of fun games, cake, animals, clowns, it was like a carnival every year just for Steve.

Billy had loved these parties when he was younger but as they grew older more and more kids attended until he dreaded them. It felt like with each passing year Steve was moving further and further away from him. All the other people vied for Steve's attention but Billy was too insignificant to compete with them.

Steve's eleventh birthday party had been an obnoxious affair; the theme that year was space as Steve had become obsessed with the planets and stars. Billy could remember standing at the edge of the party watching him in his spaceman suit running amongst the solar system that Mrs Harrington had turned their back yard into, Steve seemed so happy, his eyes shone in the light reflected off the artificial

stars, his laughter echoed above the din of the party and right by his side was Tommy keeping pace, running through the planets. Billy had felt so alone at that moment like he'd been jettisoned into actual space where it was so cold and devoid of air, he could feel it in his very soul that something had changed.

There were so many people there all desperate for Steve's attention and for the first time since he was four Steve didn't spend any time with Billy that night, he just didn't seem to have time. After that night those people didn't seem to fade as they had in previous years and Steve became the most popular person at school and he thrived in that environment. Billy became even more of a shadow until Steve shone so bright that Billy ceased to exist at school. Billy felt so heartbroken and alone as in this new climate Tommy became Steve's best friend and Billy was all but forgotten.

By the time they reached fourteen, no one seemed to remember that Billy had been a part of Steve's life least of all Steve. They walked past each other in the hallways at school as though they were strangers. Billy had experienced all his grief completely alone until he eventually made friends with a couple of misfits called Michael Davis who was a short blonde boy with glasses who was very good at maths and obsessed with science fiction dragging Billy to see all the newest releases and lending him books. And Suzy Perez who was taller than Michael with glossy black hair, kind gentle eyes, loved old romance novels and history and she was in love with music of all kinds introducing Billy to some of his favourite songs.

Billy couldn't help admiring Steve from afar he was like a beautiful star, twinkling softly in the dimness of the world, he seemed as though he were right here but to Billy, he was so far away, something he could look at but never touch. He spent more time than he would have liked daydreaming about a Steve who would look his way, smile at him the way he used to and then walk over and talk to him like the intervening years had just been a nightmare that was finally over. He would find himself sitting out on the cold benches watching Steve run track or play basketball just silently admiring the way he moved

and the joy on his face when he succeeded.

Steve's birthday parties were still the main event of the year but Billy hadn't attended one in years, he remembered the sad look in his mother's eyes the first time they didn't get an invitation and Billy had just put on a brave face and told her it was ok, he didn't like parties anyway.

Billy's birthday was a much more low-key affair; he generally just hung out with Suzy and Michael either watching a movie or listening to music but he felt much more comfortable than he had for years at Steve's parties. Then at fifteen Billy presented as an Alpha and everything in his life changed once again.

It had been a terrible day, he felt irritable and tired all day, barely able to concentrate in any of his classes and his emotions felt like they were on a rollercoaster between uncontrollable rage and lust so strong it almost floored him. He felt so confused and embarrassed all day but it was Thursday, which meant that Steve had track and Billy wasn't going to miss that for anything. So he'd seated himself in his usual spot far enough away and in the shade so that he could watch without anyone noticing.

Steve was pushing himself extra hard that afternoon Billy could see the sheen of the sweat on his face, how he bent over trying to catch his breath and he started to feel a little breathless himself. Steve's open gasping mouth as he tried to catch his breath made Billy feel like he was the one running at full speed around the track, he felt hot and stuffy and then he realised to his horror that he was hard.

He walked home as briskly as he was able to and locked himself away in his room but the images from that afternoon haunted him. His imagination ran wild with Steve walking off the track and over to Billy, he would bite his lip then lean down and whisper in his ear.

"I know you've been watching me...wouldn't it be more fun to explore with your hands..."

Billy would pull him down onto his lap and make Steve forget about everything else but him, he'd have him whimpering and begging in no time. He felt ashamed but he was too turned on to ignore it anymore, he shoved his hand into his underwear but pulled his hand back in horror when he felt a bulge. He sat panicking for a short while, what was happening to him? Would he be able to tell his mom that something was wrong? Would he have to go to the doctor?

He tried to clear his mind and think rationally but Steve was too ingrained in there every time he tried to force him out he just came back twice as strong. So in the end he gave in, he indulged his fantasies and got completely lost in Steve, how he looked first thing in the morning when he still had a little tiredness around his eyes, the flush he got in his skin when he'd been playing basketball and how his lips parted slightly when a little confusion entered his big doe eyes when he was stuck on a maths problem. Billy's heart was hammering in his chest, the heat in his body reaching unbearable levels as he felt himself continuing to swell but his mind couldn't stop thinking about Steve, he filled his mind until his name fell from Billy's lips until he was softly moaning it.

He got so lost in everything Steve that he didn't realise it had become dark until he heard his mom pounding on his door. Shame coursed through him when he realised that if she came in she'd know what he'd been up to all afternoon so he tried to remain quiet hoping she'd think he'd fallen asleep. Unfortunately, she was persistent and he had to let her in, her eyes widened suddenly and she looked at him sharply.

"Billy baby, are you ok?"

He nodded.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"About what?"

She studied him carefully until he started to fidget then she placed her hand gently on his shoulder.

"You're an Alpha, baby, do you not know?"

The revelation hit him with such force that his knees buckled and his mom helped him over to the bed. She left to get him some water and he lay there stunned, how could he have not noticed that that was what was happening?

The next few days were hell but his mom took great care of him, making sure he was fed and well hydrated but Billy didn't care about anything but Steve.

Things changed dramatically for Billy after he presented, he was full of energy and his mom got him weights as a presenting gift and he began to build muscle easily and bulk out. When he'd been thirteen he'd had a growth spurt but he'd remained slight but now his shoulders broadened, his arms and legs became thick with muscle. He became broad and muscular and people started to notice. Girls who wouldn't have looked at him twice beforehand all started to flock to him and it gave his ego a nice boost.

By the time he was sixteen, he'd gone through half the girls in their year much to Suzy disgust. He didn't care about any of them but having them want him gave him newfound confidence and he'd become good at showing them a good time, which only seemed to encourage more of them to want him.

This had the unexpected result of Billy gaining popularity and he'd decided that with his new physique he'd try out for some sports in particular basketball and track. Over the year since he'd presented lots of other kids at the school had presented also and there was a definite hierarchy to how everyone was treated. Many of the people who presented as Alpha happened to be male, they became stronger, faster and more aggressive which seemed to attract more people to them. Most people presented as Beta including Michael and Suzy who both seemed relieved by this turn of events. The only people Billy had heard of presenting as Omega seemed to be female and amongst the Alpha's there was a lot of competition to get dates with them.

Billy felt great pride in the fact that out of all the Alpha's at school he

was by far the strongest, biggest and therefore most desirable, he had become the Alpha that the other Alpha's looked up to. So when he tried out for basketball and track he was pretty much accepted without having to do anything. It helped that due to his new physique and stamina he found sports incredibly easy but Billy wasn't there to compete he had an ulterior motive and that was one Steve Harrington.

From Billy had popped his first knot thinking about Steve he had been obsessed with having him, he had spent all his time working out with the goal that he'd become so big and desirable that Steve wouldn't be able to resist him. He would lift his weights with his eyes closed just thinking about Steve biting down on his lip, a little flush to his face as he took Billy in and that would motivate him to keep going until his muscles ached.

All the jocks were popular among them Steve and Tommy so when Billy became a member of their group he was transported back to being eleven only this time he could keep up with them, in fact, this time they struggled to keep up with him. Yet it wasn't completely the same as Steve did acknowledge him now but the old warm familiarity between them was gone, Steve would hang out with him and talk to him but only really in a group.

Billy couldn't help going out of his way to get Steve's attention, he would obnoxiously invade his personal space during basketball playing it off as competitiveness but in reality, he just wanted to be close to him and see him sweat. He would discreetly scent him hoping against hope that Steve wouldn't present as an Alpha even though all signs pointed to him being one, he desperately wanted him to be an Omega, the one from his fantasies that begged Billy to knot him as though he would die if he didn't get it but he knew it was more realistic to hope he'd at least be a Beta.

Steve's seventeen birthday was fast approaching and Billy had to control his rage when he saw all the Omega girls from school, some of whom were already with Alpha's batting their eyelashes at Steve in

the hopes of getting an invite. The other Alpha's teased him about it while Billy stewed in his jealousy.

"So Steve who's the lucky Omega?"

A small flush came to Steve's cheeks while Billy bit his tongue.

"C'mon guys leave me alone you're worse than my mom."

Tommy's grating laugh echoed off the walls.

"Nobody's talking about anything serious, what about Deborah Green?"

Billy grit his teeth, he knew Deborah, he'd gone out with her for a week back last year, she was nice enough but the idea of her running her fingers down Steve's back, her nails leaving bloodied trails made him see red.

Steve just laughed and shook his head. Ryan Evans another member of the basketball team leaned in with a stupid smile on his face.

"What about Tracey Cooper, Helen told me that she's got the serious hots for you man."

A soft smile came over Steve's face as the flush deepened and Billy felt a sharp pain in his chest. He wondered in moments like this why he tortured himself in this way, Steve didn't think about him in that way he barely paid attention to him at all.

A week later Billy stood in Steve's house surrounded by people, music was blaring and the drink was free-flowing. This party was very different from the ones of his youth, there was no cake, no theme and Mrs Harrington wasn't smiling softly from the edge taking pictures. It was just loud and filled with drunk people all there to have a good time.

Various members of the basketball team were standing around Billy trying to engage him in pointless conversation but he was too distracted by Steve dancing a few feet away with Tracey fucking Cooper, she was staring at Steve like she'd won the grand prize and Steve just looked happy, he was the centre of attention after all.

Steve got distracted by something and left Tracey alone for a moment and Billy didn't know why but he stalked over to her and treated her like she was the only girl in the world, he let his eyes slowly caress her body, he bit his lip like he was fighting against temptation and he listened to her breathy little voice as she noticed.

Within twenty minutes he had her in Steve's room, on his bed where he fucked her hard and fast whispering filthy little promises into her ear while she moaned and held on for dear life. At the last minute, he pulled out and removed the condom so that he came all over her and by extension Steve's bed. He felt a sick little thrill that she'd reek of him, an alpha and therefore nobody else at the party would touch her, least of all Steve.

When they returned to the party Billy got himself a drink watching as a bewildered and slightly drunk Steve looked around him before spotting Tracey and heading towards her. He watched with no small amount of glee, as she turned red once Steve got close enough and he carried on past her back to the other players. She glanced Billy's way hopefully but he steadfastly ignored her, his attention was captivated by Steve who didn't bother attempting to go with anybody else he just stayed by the edge drinking until he had to be carried to bed by Tommy and Ryan who broke up the party after that.

Steve didn't come to school for the whole next week, Billy wondered if he was dealing with his wounded pride or if he'd just drank himself into a coma but by the following Monday he'd returned although he seemed a little subdued to Billy.

He couldn't help watching him closely all week, something had happened but he wasn't sure what it was. He couldn't help feeling irrationally jealous that he was somehow in love with Tracey but he barely knew her. He was standing by his locker on Thursday afternoon watching Steve discreetly as he retrieved some books from his locker when he heard Suzy sigh dramatically beside him.

"So are you going to admit it, at least to yourself or do I have to

watch you pine your life away?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about?”

She looked at him incredulously.

“Seriously I’ve read Victorian novels with less repression than this.”

Billy looked at her in confusion.

“Steve. Harrington. Ring a bell?”

Billy looked around the hall quickly making sure no one was listening. Then he glared at her.

“We’re friends.”

She tilted her head at him.

“So do you watch all your other friends like a hawk when you think they’re having a bad week?”

“Yeah, I care about people, it’s one of my more endearing qualities.”

“Hmm, I think the lady doth protest too much...”

Billy sighed but just as he turned to tell her to mind her own business he heard his name and turned to Steve’s slightly confused face.

“What?”

“Track?”

“Track?”

“Yeah it’s practice, are you going?”

Billy nodded, Steve continued to stare at him for a few moments, his eyes seemed a little hazy before he snapped out of it, a soft blush in his cheeks as he turned abruptly and headed off towards the locker room. Billy turned towards Suzy who just raised her eyebrow at him before she also walked away. Billy just sighed and headed to the locker room himself.

That afternoon Steve seemed tired, irritable and he kept zoning out so his track performance wasn't to his usual standard and their coach just got increasingly frustrated with him until he called practice off. He pulled Steve to the side to have some words while the others returned to the locker room, Billy took his time only heading to the showers when Steve arrived back leaving them as the only two there.

Billy watched him closely, he still had that hazy look to his eyes as he seemed to be lost inside his mind, stepping under the hot spray of the shower. Billy got distracted as he watched the water cascade over Steve's skin and he unconsciously moved a little closer feeling his blood heat at the sight of all his soft, unmarked skin, his teeth ached as he could feel his cock stirring.

Slowly Billy realised that there was an incredible mouth-watering scent in the shower, he couldn't resist taking huge mouthfuls of it making him shudder as his cock hardened fully and he couldn't help the growl that came unbidden to his lips. He saw Steve stiffen as he slowly opened his eyes and looked at Billy, everything clicked into place in Billy's mind when he saw the fear in Steve's eyes.

"Omega..."

Steve took a few hasty steps away from him but he didn't have far to go and ended up with his back pressed up against the wall behind them. Almost as though he were possessed Billy followed him until his wet naked body was pressed up against Steve's but Billy was fully focused on Steve's face as he started to pant.

"B-Billy...Billy... please..."

Billy pushed his nose into Steve's throat and inhaled deeply, he smelled so good that Billy wanted nothing more than to sink his teeth in so deep that he'd leave a permanent mark. Steve shivered slightly.

"Please don't tell anyone..."

"What do I get?"

Billy pulled back to look at Steve's face once more his eyes had widened with confusion as his lips parted ever so slightly then he took a deep breath.

"What do you want?"

You. It came to his mind so quickly that he had to fight to keep it contained in his mouth, it felt like a heavy stone that he needed to spit out. He pretended to take a moment to contemplate what he wanted.

"How about a little arrangement?"

"Arrangement?"

"Yeah it might be fun to experiment, what do you think?"

Billy watched as the realisation of what he was proposing slowly trickled into Steve's eyes.

"But you don't need..."

"I just want a little variety..."

He pushed himself closer to Steve so that he could feel his hard cock, how big he was and he watched as Steve bit his lip and averted his eyes.

"I promise I'll make it so good for you..."

Billy kept his attention fully on Steve projecting an air of confidence that he didn't feel, he was so desperate for Steve to say yes and he didn't know what he'd do if he refused him. He'd dreamt of a chance like this for so long.

Steve bit his lip so hard that it turned stark white as his face slowly turned redder then to Billy's delight he nodded. He pulled him closer and licked over his abused lip then brought his hands down onto Steve's ass to pull him fully against him while he licked his way into his mouth. Steve resisted for a moment before he tilted his head slightly and gave in to the kiss.

Billy got so caught up in the kiss that it was Steve moaning softly that made him realise that he had been subconsciously thrusting against him. Billy squeezed Steve's ass in his hands causing him to whimper into his mouth. He then slid one of his hands down onto the back of Steve's thigh pulling his leg up around Billy's hip. Steve brought his arms up around Billy's neck to help with his balance.

Billy slid his hand back up his thigh until he reached his hole which he was delighted to find was wet. He pushed against it feeling a little resistance before his finger was sucked inside. Steve pulled back to moan.

"B...B-Billy..."

"Don't worry Sweetheart, I'm just getting started..."

Steve started to pant as Billy slowly fingered him, just getting to see Steve's gasping mouth and hearing the small whimpers that he made was driving Billy wild. This was everything he'd ever wanted before he even knew what it was, he felt like the universe had finally aligned for him for the first time in his life.

He moved up to two fingers just to feel Steve's hole flutter around them as more slick helped ease the way. Steve began to shake, his eyes closed with his head tilted back with his throat stretched out just begging for Billy's teeth.

"You feel so good, Princess..."

He felt Steve's fingers dig into his shoulders as his fingers were squeezed tight and Billy felt himself get lightheaded as he started to come against Steve's stomach. He pulled Steve close and kissed him on the lips as he rode out his orgasm.

2. I Only Want To Be With You

Summary for the Chapter:

As their arrangement continues Billy's feelings for Steve continue to grow but how does Steve feel?

Notes for the Chapter:

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Un-betaed so please excuse all my mistakes.

It had been a long frustrating week, Steve seemed to be intent on avoiding Billy and spending all his free time with Betty. Their arrangement had been in force for a month and Billy, felt like he was in both heaven and hell, torn between being happy that he got to be with Steve and saddened that it had to be under these circumstances.

He loved nothing more than making Steve come apart on his fingers, his thighs wrapped around his head as he pushed his tongue into his warm, wet hole lapping up his sweet-tasting slick. The whimpers that fell from Steve's lips drove Billy to distraction, the little desperate 'Billy' and how his thighs trembled when he came. He could hear them echoing in his mind and his dreams.

Flooding his mouth with his come until small tears came to Steve's eyes as he tried to take Billy into his mouth, the shock on his face when the first spurt filled his mouth to bursting and the obedient way he tilted his head up to let Billy close his mouth as he swallowed it.

It filled him with a molten pleasure to know that Steve would spend the rest of that day smelling like him, he wondered how other people didn't realise it. There was a perverse part of him that wanted someone to scent Steve and smell Billy all over him so that they didn't have to hide it anymore. Yet he feared this too because if everyone knew Steve's secret he wouldn't have any use for Billy

anymore.

He hadn't been able to knot to Steve yet, the idea of being inside him made Billy's cock swell until it hurt but he was afraid, even though he desperately wanted it. He couldn't deny to himself how he felt about Steve any longer; he craved him so deeply that sometimes it frightened him.

He had nightmares about finally knotting Steve, that he wouldn't be able to satisfy him, that Steve would decide he wanted a real Alpha or even that they could never be anything more because Steve would never forgive him.

Which led to this recent problem the sweet little blonde Omega who currently had her delicate little hand on his Omega's neck. Betty Wilson had been making moon eyes at Steve for a while, she was friends with a few of the other Omega's who had jock boyfriends but Steve hadn't paid her much attention until recently.

In the past few weeks, she had suddenly become interesting enough for him to spend a little extra time with. Her eyes would light up when she saw him and she'd get a smug look on her face like the cat that got the cream. Every time she laid her small hand on Steve Billy could feel a little annoying itch under his skin that he couldn't shake until he got Steve alone and gasping under him.

Now they were over in the corner of the basketball court surrounded by various members of the team who were either messing around with the ball or hanging out with their own Omega's. He wanted to stalk over and drag Steve away, take him somewhere and make him forget about everyone else except Billy.

He felt that old familiar jealousy from when he was a child and other people took Steve's attention away from him clouding his mind and he hated how powerless it made him feel, a low churning feeling in his stomach and itchiness behind his eyes that filled him with a low burning rage.

His name rang out across the court as various people spotted him and called out a greeting causing Steve to look round at him with a smile on his face before he leaned in close to Betty's ear, her soft giggle

made Billy's blood boil.

Within 15 minutes he'd dragged Steve away and into the empty locker room backing him up against the wall, licking over his throat while Steve whimpered.

"I think I need a little relief, Princess."

Billy was so hard; he ached with it as seeing Steve with someone else drove his Alpha side crazy with the need to stake his claim. If Steve had his mark on his neck and smelled like him no one would ever dare touch him.

He pulled back to look Steve in the eye, he was so beautiful and Billy burned with the need to ruin him so completely, that jealous little frail child within him was so hungry for more. He knew deep down that this little arrangement would never be enough, he wanted everything but fear kept him prisoner.

"I'm gonna flood your pretty little mouth with so much come that you're gonna struggle to swallow it all...gonna smell like me all day...anyone gets close enough they're gonna smell me on you and know what a dirty little Omega you've been...letting an Alpha fuck your sweet little mouth..."

Steve had a soft blush to his face, his eyes shining and he bit down hard on his lip. Then he leaned forward to place a gentle kiss on Billy's lips causing him to growl low in his throat. Steve paused momentarily before he started to lap softly at Billy's lips until he couldn't take it anymore and pulled Steve into a brutal kiss.

He pushed his fingers into Steve's hair tightening them to pull his head back while Steve panted and moaned.

"Anything you w...w-want Alpha..."

Billy's fingers tightened unconsciously and Steve winced slightly but he maintained eye contact as he continued to speak.

"Even if you want to knot me..."

Billy felt his knees go a little weak as he pulled him back into another

kiss, kissing him until Steve trembled against him. Then he growled against his lips.

“Is that what you want Princess...me inside you...”

Steve groaned softly.

“Yes, Alpha...”

Billy growled loudly and Steve whimpered in response. He felt so many conflicting emotions that he didn't know how to react, he was just acting on instinct at this point. He pulled Steve into another brutal kiss as he felt his knot forming in his jeans, he felt lightheaded with how much he wanted this but he could still feel the cold fear just under his skin this could change everything.

He moved down to Steve's throat feeling the ache in his teeth to mark but he had to resist if he had marks visible on his throat people would notice but he couldn't help licking over his bonding gland while Steve trembled against him. He could feel his fingers starting to ache from how hard they were digging into Steve's hips as his knot continued to swell, he felt so out of control as Steve's scent invaded his senses.

“B-Billy...”

His knot swelled until it was pushing against the zipper of his jeans making him bite down on Steve's shoulder wishing it were bare skin instead of his shirt. He desperately wanted to taste his skin against his tongue then sink his teeth in leaving a mark that would last for days. Steve's lips close to Betty's ear flashed through his mind and he quickly undid his jeans pulling his hard cock out.

He pushed Steve down onto his knees by placing his hand on his shoulder.

“Open up your pretty little mouth for me.”

Steve looked up at him with a soft flush to his cheeks before he opened his mouth and stuck out his pink tongue. Billy ran his hand down his hard cock then gently pushed on his knot, it didn't take much as he was so worked up over the idea of finally getting inside

Steve.

Come streamed from the tip of his cock, Steve jumped slightly when it hit him on the side of the mouth before Billy moved a little closer so that it landed on his tongue. It only took a moment for Steve's mouth to be completely flooded, he looked up at Billy with half-lidded eyes and he felt his knees buckle making him kneel in front of him.

Steve maintained eye contact as he slowly closed his mouth and swallowed. Billy felt like his blood was boiling in his veins as he grabbed him by the back of the neck and chased the taste of his come in Steve's mouth.

Billy pulled Steve closer to the bed, he could feel him trembling slightly against him. He kissed him hungrily, it had been a rare week where Steve's dad had some business to attend to in Hawkins and therefore he'd had to wait all week for them to leave so that they could have the house all to themselves.

Billy brought his slightly shaking hands up to Steve's shirt and pulled it over his head, licking his way down the soft skin of Steve's chest. When he reached just above his left nipple he sunk his teeth into his skin, feeling it as it gave way, he ran his tongue over the indents his teeth made, feeling Steve's rapidly beating heart underneath as he whimpered above him.

He threw Steve down onto the bed quickly divesting him of the rest of his clothes as he continued his way down his body leaving a trail of red shiny marks in his wake while Steve quivered. When he reached Steve's thighs he pulled them apart feeling his mouth water as he saw Steve's wet shiny hole, the smell of his slick intoxicating. He sunk his teeth into Steve's inner thigh sucking an old bruise back into his mouth turning it from a sickly yellow back into red. Then he pushed two fingers into Steve, feeling him shudder slightly as he adjusted to the stretch inside him.

Billy had done this so many times since the beginning of their arrangement that he was fine-tuned to every little sound and quiver that Steve made. He knew exactly what he needed to do to turn Steve into a moaning mess begging him for everything; this had always been his favourite way to drive Steve wild. Having him come apart so completely on Billy's tongue and fingers fuelled his arousal.

As he pushed three fingers in and bit down on Steve's other thigh feeling him tremble Billy had to take a discreet steadying breath. He'd wanted this for so long, he almost couldn't believe that it was happening. He wanted to make it last, draw it out to savour the moment, he wanted Steve to squirm and beg, wanted him to think back on this moment as it heated his blood and made his mind hazy with lust.

B-Billy...oh God...please..."

Billy leaned forward licking around his fingers feeling Steve's hole flutter, then he widened them as Steve's thighs trembled, lapping with his tongue groaning at the sweet taste.

"You taste so good, Baby..."

"Billy...please..."

"You need to learn a little patience, Princess..."

He looked up at Steve who looked down at him with big eyes before a pout formed on his lips and Billy couldn't resist slithering back up his body to sink his teeth in it. Steve wrapped his arms and legs around him writhing against him in his desperation, causing Billy to laugh a little cruelly against his lips.

"Fuck you do need it, don't you Sweetheart..."

Steve whined low in his throat and Billy pushed his cock up against his hole feeling Steve shudder. He pushed in slow and deep enjoying the feeling of Steve's mouth gasping open against his own. He moved over to this throat feeling his rapidly beating pulse under his lips as he gave in to the temptation to sink his teeth in as he set a steady pace.

Steve moaned loudly as his body fluttered around his cock making Billy groan into his neck.

“You feel so good...tight...”

Billy doubled his efforts to make Steve lose control as wanted him to crave this, he wanted him to shiver every time he so much as looked at Billy over the next week, that he'd come begging for more.

“Fuck...please...Alpha...”

Billy had to bite his lip hard to keep himself under control.

“What is it Princess tell me what you need?”

“Your knot...please I need it...knot me, please knot me...”

Billy flipped them over so that he was on his back and Steve was above him. He could feel himself slipping deeper into Steve who started to pant loudly as he ground himself down onto Billy, his eyes rolling back until he could see the whites of his eyes.

“That’s it Sweetheart just like that...feel how deep I am...nobody else can fuck you this good...only me...right Baby?”

“Only...y-you...”

Billy felt his knot swelling and started to push it into Steve who wailed as it finally popped in causing Steve to come all over Billy's chest making him growl.

Steve then looked down at him with his flushed face before he went completely boneless sinking onto his chest while Billy wrapped his arms around him.

Excitement bubbled up through his chest as he stroked over Steve's skin, everything had been perfect, he knew that Steve had had a good time. He couldn't imagine that Steve would not want to continue their relationship after this and he had wanted Billy too.

He smiled thinking about how desperate he'd been for everything Billy had given him, his every touch, how he'd begged so prettily for

his knot. He groaned softly as he felt Steve's body flutter about him, he loved being inside him.

He held Steve as he dozed on his chest until his knot went down then he pulled him up beside him and curled around him. He nuzzled into Steve's throat, he'd dreamed about this for so long that it felt almost surreal but now that he'd got it he was going to work hard to keep him.

The next morning he opened his eyes to the wonderful sight of a sleepy rumpled Steve tucked into his arms. He felt so giddy that he leaned forward and gave him a gentle kiss on the forehead before pulling him more securely against him. Steve grumbled slightly then settled once more, he lay listening to his gentle breathing, absorbing the warmth of his skin until Steve yawned, opening his bleary eyes at him.

"Morning Princess."

Steve groaned then smiled at him.

"Morning."

"How are you feeling?"

Steve rolled his eyes.

"Your massive dick has destroyed me, I don't think I'll ever recover."

He started to giggle into Billy's chest hiding his face. Billy gave him a quick slap on the ass causing him to squirm slightly.

"I can always fuck you again just to make sure."

Steve looked up at him with curious eyes.

"Actually, I was wondering if we could do it again?"

Billy could feel his dick twitch, his excitement picking up. Everything he'd always dreamed of was coming true and he couldn't hide his shark-like grin at Steve.

"Yeah, I was thinking that when I go away to college it would be nice to know exactly what I like..."

"What you like?"

"Yeah well, I won't have to hide my status anymore..."

Billy could feel his mood souring.

"I was worried that I'd be some small town inexperienced Omega but not now..."

He turned to Billy with a hopeful smile.

"With your help..."

Billy wanted to scream in frustration, why wasn't he good enough?

"Anything you need Princess."

Steve seemed very eager to practice, he was happy to try anything once and even though Billy desperately wanted more he couldn't resist Steve, he sometimes got a little caught up in his imagination where they were sleeping together because Steve wanted him too not because he was a living breathing knot for Steve to practice on.

He couldn't help the little surge of pride that he felt every time he learned a new way to make Steve whimper, keeping that little spark of hope alive within him that Steve would see how perfect they were together.

Then one Friday night Steve changed the rules once again, he asked him to come over around eight and Billy acted as though he'd have to see if he were free even though he knew he always would be for

Steve, he didn't want to appear too eager.

When he arrived Steve led him into the house but instead of heading for the stairs as he normally did he detoured towards the living room and sat down on the couch. Billy followed him feeling a little confused but when he looked over at Steve he was sitting a little rigid on the couch his eyes glued to the television screen so he walked after him and sat down.

They sat in slightly awkward silence for about fifteen minutes while Billy wondered what was happening. He glanced back at Steve and found him already watching Billy carefully then he moved down the couch towards him. When he reached Billy he very slowly laid his head on his shoulder, his body stiff and unyielding for a few moments before he slowly relaxed, his body snuggled into Billy's side.

He made his breathing shallower afraid that if he moved too much Steve would become spooked and move away, he barely moved for over an hour until his muscles were aching with the strain but having Steve so close kept him going.

He didn't understand what was happening but he wanted Steve to see him as more so much more and he hoped this was the beginning of that. Nothing happened between them that night except for Steve snuggling into his side while the television droned on in the background.

Billy was confused but he was hopeful that it meant that Steve was starting to see him as more, want him around for more than just his knot and to his delight these little instances started to happen more often, Steve would invite him over just to watch a film or have a few beers and reminisce, just the two of them talking about their shared past.

For Billy talking about the past was a little bittersweet but hearing how Steve felt about it made him feel a warmth inside, it made those old feelings from the past resurface, a time when it was just the two of them in their little world. It made him feel nostalgia for that time and pine for the life that he could have lived where they had never become strangers, would they have eventually progressed to being

together naturally?

He slowly realised that Steve even with all his popularity at school was incredibly lonely, even when his parents were home which was rare they never spent any time with him, too wrapped up in their own lives. He hadn't seen Mrs Harrington in years and it felt strange because she'd always seemed to be an attentive mom, he could see her soft smile and how the parties she'd arranged for Steve had felt like they were lovingly crafted just for him.

He wondered if he'd only seen what he wanted to see or if something had drastically changed since he was a child?

Steve smiled at him over his beer and Billy felt something settle within him, then Steve took a deep breath.

"I think they're disappointed."

"Who?"

"My parents."

"Why would they be disappointed?"

Steve slumped down in his seat, his eyes directed at the floor.

"It's because I'm...because I'm an Omega..."

"There's nothing wrong with being an Omega..."

"There is when you're not a small pretty girl and the only chance you have to go to college is your participation in sports..."

"Not all Omega's are girls besides you are really pretty..."

Steve laughed.

"Shut up."

"Also you're a great basketball player and you can run faster than anybody so you've nothing to worry about."

"My dad's been asking me a lot of...questions about my performance

since I presented...I mean he hasn't really said anything but I know that he doesn't think too highly of Omegas in sports... I think he thinks that that being an Omega will eventually catch up with me and I won't be able to keep up with everyone..."

"That's bullshit, he's just wrong."

Steve looked up at him sharply, he had a soft flush to his face and Billy could see that his eyes were shining, he wanted to go over and pull him close but he didn't know if he would want that. Steve's shoulders relaxed slightly as a soft smile spread out on his face.

"Remember the treehouse?"

"How could I forget it?"

"That time we climbed onto the roof to get a closer look at the stars... My mom nearly had a heart attack when she saw us..."

"Yeah, you were obsessed with the sky..."

"I was."

Steve's eyes got a faraway look and Billy's mind disappeared into his memories, how cold the air had been, the only heat coming from Steve's shivering body lying beside him as he pointed out all the constellations that he knew and Billy just got lost in the awe in his voice. He remembered how he had held on to this experience for so long because it was one of the last positive ones that he'd enjoyed with him.

Steve suddenly stood on slightly unsteady legs and reached his hand out for Billy who set down his can and took his slightly cool hand. Steve led him to his room but there wasn't anything urgent about it as he pulled him towards the bed.

Billy was feeling tranquil, soft around the edges like he was in between the past and the present, a small frail child looking at the stars with his best friend on a cold cloudless night and him now, a lovelorn teenager looking at that same boy and desperately wanting him to see him and reflect the warmth he felt inside.

Steve got onto the bed then lay down, Billy wasn't sure what he wanted so he lay down beside him. Steve cautiously moved a little closer, his arm just skimming Billy's arm.

"Do you mind if we just lie here for a while?"

"Anything you want."

Steve moved a little closer so Billy pulled Steve a little more securely against him, giving him a gentle squeeze before he listened to his gentle breathing until he drifted off to sleep.